

A Tear In Space

by Laranja Drake

Category: Animorphs

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-11-17 08:00:00

Updated: 2001-01-29 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 09:44:27

Rating: K+

Chapters: 3

Words: 17,345

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: I did it. I actually crossed Animorphs and Star Wars. Ha ha, haha MWAHAHAH!

1. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="Generator"> To Stand Against the Dark **

A Tear In Space

**

Disclaimer: Animorphs belongs Scholastic, and Star Wars belongs to the Lucasfilm. I am not making any money from this.

Lory had been a student at the Jedi temple all her life. Now, all she could imagine herself doing was becoming a Jedi, and protecting the galaxy. At the age of ten, she had become the Padawan, her Master one of the few Camaasi Jedi that ever left their world. She had just turned fourteen, but had the experience of Padawans many years her elder. She was a wiry girl, with hair that couldn't be called brown or blond, and in the usual Padawan cut that was customary for humans. She had green eyes, and had a normal face.

Currently, she and her Master had been on pirate duty, one of the less glamorous jobs that Jedi had to do. It was patrol duty, no more, no less.

They were on the convoy ship, the_ Republic_, and they had been there for the past month. It was boring.

Even as she thought that, she berated herself for it. It was necessary work, and her Master would chide her for such self-pitying thoughts. Just because they were on the dulllest assignment ever, didn't mean she had the right to complain. Many of the Jedi she had talked to would have given their hands to be able to rest on such a mission.

She was about to continue that line of thought, when the alarm sounded. They were under attack!

She rushed to her Master's quarters, and he was already on his way to the bridge. She joined him, and with the practice of a long partnership, they smoothly took command of the situation.

"What's the situation?" asked her Master.

"Pirates, two o'clock. We picked them up, just as we came out of hyper," stated the Captain.

Lory could barely contain her excitement. Action!

Her Master had followed the trail of her thoughts, and gave her a stern look.

"Go to the engine room. We've already sustained damage in the area. You will be needed to make repairs."

Suppressing a sigh, she obeyed. Whirling around, her robe flapping, she sped on her way.

She entered the engine room, and called some repair tools to her hand, and went to work.

While she worked, she could feel the ship buck and pitch under her hands. She could feel the way the ship was supposed to work, like a living thing, and it wasn't. It was dying. It was all she could do at that moment to keep the life-support going. Her comrades, the other engineers, worked as furiously as she did, but they were also showing the strain.

When a stray blast accidentally activated the self-destruct mode, she felt a flash of fear. She would have to eject it, and the automatic eject had been damaged already. No one else would have the speed to do it.

Thrusting her mind deeply into the Force for speed and guidance, she dashed into the control room, and sealed it off. Working madly, loosened the drive from its moorings, and used her lightsaber to open the hatch. All of the atmosphere in the room rushed out, pulling her and the hyper drive with it.

She began to feel the effects of decompression, as the dissolved gases in her blood began to come free. She was blowing up from the inside out!

Then, the hyper-drive exploded.

Blackness

She woke up in a forest. It was similar to many of those she had been in at various points of her career as a Padawan. Stretching out her senses, she felt the living force pulse through her, and was grateful for its presence. She couldn't feel the reassuring aura of her Master anywhere. In fact, nothing on this world was familiar at all.

Wincing as she sat up, she tried her best to make it to her feet. She was still suffering from the effects of decompression, and the sharp pain of having all the dissolved gases in her become un-dissolved was still with her. Lying back down, she touched the Force, and started the process of healing.

It was later that day that she was able to get up enough strength to go out and look for food. She still didn't have any idea where she was, and that bothered her. Unsheathing her light saber, she started to edge her way through the forest.

It was nearing dusk when she found a stream with water she thought she could drink. Using some of the equipment she had on her utility belt, she tested it, and greedily drank, when she saw that she could. Thirst slaked, she sat back on her heels. Then, she saw an alien.

Ax had just finished the evening ritual. He was going back to his scoop, when he caught sight of a human female drinking from the same stream. He expected her to run screaming, but she just looked at him calmly, like she saw aliens all the time. She would, if she was a Controller.

He stood there, waiting to see her reaction.

She got up, and walked over.

"Hello," she said, bowing.

Uh, hi, he responded.

"I, er, don't mean to sound rude, but, what is the name of this planet?"

Earth. Ax answered her, feeling confused. She was human, why would she have to ask what planet she was on?

"Are you a local here?" she asked, still calm.

No, I live in a different part of the forest.

"No, I meant, are you a native of this planet?"

No, he exclaimed. I am an Andalite. Of course my kind are not native to Earth. You are a human; that should be obvious.

"What does being human have to do with anything? I have never been to this world before. If I don't know the native species, that has hardly anything to do with my being human."

But, he heard himself sputter. Humans are native to Earth. They don't have space travel. You could not of come from any other world.

"Humans have not had a 'native planet', as you call it, ever since the discovery of the hyper drive. We don't know what planet we came from. Some humans wouldn't have space travel, if they came from an isolated colony world, but that happens only rarely."

What are you talking about?

"What are _you_ talking about?"

Lory was starting to loose some of her Jedi cool. She had been decompressed and hadn't eaten in nearly twelve standard hours. Was it any wonder that her temper was fraying?

"Look, is there a space port any where? Someplace I could contact the Jedi Temple? I just want to find out what happened to my Master." She could feel tears prick her eyes at the thought of loosing him. What would she do then?

Space port? Miss, you are very strange, even for a human.

He thought for a moment. It was fairly obvious this human was insane, and he needed to get her to someplace where she wouldn't hurt herself. The only problem was, he didn't know where these places were.

Miss, would you mind coming with me? If you are lost, I will try to find someone who can help you, he said in a calm, talking to the crazy person voice.

"Thank you," she answered.

He led the way back to his scoop. She followed along docilely enough, but every so often, she would look at the trees that were growing around her in wonder. Like she had never seen them before. She had to be more ill than he thought.

When he reached his scoop, he started looking for Tobias. He needed his advice, badly.

Not seeing him, he decided that it would be worth the risk to go looking. He began morphing into his bird of prey morph.

"Amazing," said the human girl. "Is that natural, or is it technology?"

Technology, he said, and completed the morph. He took off, and went in search of Tobias.

She looked around. This was clearly some sort of dwelling. It was not as primitive as she might have expected. It had a feeling of safety, but also the sense that the one who lived there was quite young.

Not knowing how long she would be waiting there, Lory sat down, and began to mediate.

She wanted guidance more than anything, and she tried with all her will to grasp at a vision to tell her what to do. Finally, exhausted, she felt an image flick through her mind like a sunbeam.

A building, and on the front of it was a sign, written in a language similar to basic, that said, "The Sharing". She needed to go there, becauseâ€¦? Something from the Dark Side lived there. Something she needed see, and help destroy. Not alone, she needed to find help. Get help from the alien she had met. Later, after seeing for herself.

With a jolt, she came out of her trance. Never before, had the Force

given her such a clear vision. She had always only been given vague warnings, or hunches. Well, now she had a focus, and a direction. Rising to her feet, she pulled up her hood, and set off.

Ax found Tobias in his usual hunting grounds. He had just caught and killed a squirrel. He was tearing at the meat with his beak, when he heard Ax land nearby.

What's up, Ax-man? he called.

The sun. Tobias, what do humans do with those that are insane among your people?

Tobias preened a little, and answered, We usually lock them up, and get them as much help as possible. Why?

I have a human girl that claims not to be from this planet, and is looking for the space port, and is trying to contact the "Jedi Temple", whatever that is.

Whoa, boy, it sounds like we have a winner there. She must have watched Star Wars a little too much. I'll go get the others, and ask them what they think. We really should get her in an institution, but she has seen you, right?

Yes, and didn't panic, the way a normal human would have. This is when I thought she was a Controller, but a Controller would have run from me, as well. I began to wonder about her sanity at that point.

Well, go check up on her, to see if she is all right, and I'll go tell Jake.

They separated, and when Ax got back to his scoop, he found she was gone.

Lory was wondering around town, using the mind trick called 'Alter Mind'. She only used it so that she would go unnoticed by the general population. It only made them think there was nothing out of the ordinary about her. Judging from the styles of clothing they were wearing, it was a good thing she had done so.

This planet was obviously 'civilized', by most standards, just technologically unsophisticated. No wonder that alien had been so confused when she had asked about a spaceport. He had most likely never met someone from off planet. She needed to apologize.

She was near her destination. She could feel that in her bones. She had occasionally met with humans that had a bad feeling in their minds. It was as if they had someone controlling them. The Dark side rolled out of their heads like tropical breakers. She shuddered. Rarely in her time as an apprentice had she ever been this close to true terror, but whatever was causing those Dark side effects chilled her marrow.

There it was. Pulling back her hood to get a better look, she wondered if she should just march in, or take a more sneaky approach. She could guess what her Master would say right then. "Lory, you rush in where Masters fear to tread." In this case, she supposed, a little caution would not be a bad thing.

Wandering down an alley, she pulled her hood back up. Local night had fallen, and the cover it would give her would certainly be an asset. The roof looked vulnerable enough. Scanning the roof and the surrounding areas, she tried to see if there were any traps, sensors, anything else that might get her killed, again.

Wait. A type of electronic device, watchingâ€¦ It hadn't spotted her, but it was definitely a hurdle. Deciding that a good look at the situation from an alternate view would be helpful, she jumped to the fire escape, and climbed to the roof of the adjacent building. The roof, and anywhere else put the front door would be like trying to break into a Hutts spice vault.

Nope, she decided, maybe just walking in would be the best tactic.

Tobias had gone to Cassie's first, because she was the closest.

Cassie! he called.

"Tobias?" she answered him softly.

Yeah, we have a situation here. Ax met some girl who claims to be looking for the Jedi Temple. She didn't run when she saw him. He thinks she's crazy, and I tend to agree with him. I knew that when Episode 1 came out, so would a lot of whacks, but this is ridiculous.

"I'll call the others. Where's Ax?"

He's gone to look for her. If you're going to be calling, I go catch up with him.

"Good. Let's get going."

Tobias left Cassie's and went in search of Ax.

Ax , while Cassie and Tobias had been talking, had acquired a dog morph, and gone looking for her, using the dog's keen sense of smell. The only problem was, the happy dog morph was making him go off and chase cars. He would gain her trail, only to lose it again.

Some quirk of fate, though, had led him outside the Sharing. Upon scenting it, his hackles went up. Then, he caught her smell again. He felt vaguely disappointed to find out that she really was a Controller. He followed her trail a little farther, and found that it led to an alley to the side, and then up it.

So, she may not be a Controller.

He saw her on the roof. She was looking at the Sharing building like one of the seasoned warriors aboard his old ship. She was going to try to infiltrate it. Giving it another glance, he could see how frustrated she was.

She jumped off the ledge.

With a frightened woof, he bounded over, to see that she was

perfectly all right.

That was impossible.

He knew that there was no way that a human could have made that leap. He began to demorph. If she was a Controller, she would have to be eliminated.

Lory thought that it would be extremely stupid to go into a building filled with the Dark side without knowing what it was she faced, but that was better than just standing there. Grimacing, she walked to the door, and carefully waved her hand. The bouncer asked for her name.

"You don't need my name," she told him softly.

"I don't need to know your name," the man repeated.

"Let me pass."

"You may pass," he said, stepping aside so she could enter.

Gripping her lightsaber, she strode in, like she belonged there. Carefully keeping anyone from noticing her, she realized how she stood out. Well, she thought, I guess stealing someone's clothes wouldn't be the strangest thing a Jedi's ever done. Picking a target, she followed a young female human into a closed off room, and saw the reason the Force had called her there.

She had not been raised in a religion that had a hell, but she had heard plenty about them. This was such a place.

There were rows and rows of people, all of them screaming for help, death, anything. Their pain bowled her over. There was a huge pond of silvery water, and in it, were more of the creatures that she had sensed in people's minds earlier that day. Oddly enough, she felt that there were humans that wanted this. It made her sick, but she also sensed a redeeming quality in some of the creatures. Some didn't cause pain.

That idea is shot, she thought, as the girl she had been tailing turned at corner when she had been recovering from the shock of seeing the pool. I guess this calls for a plan B?

Get the sith out of here! Was the best she could think of.

Too late! She'd been spotted.

Several aliens, like walking knives, saw her, and gabbled something in a language she didn't know. Suppressing her panic, she turned around, and tried to walk out as calmly as she could. Trying to touch their minds, and make them think she disappeared wasn't working. Their minds were too different. Running madly now, she thumbed on her lightsaber, and carved the door open. A beam weapon got her from behind, but she absorbed most of the energy from it, so it only slightly scorched her clothes.

Finally, out in the street, she made a leap to another roof top, and skipping from building to building, using the Alter Mind technique, she made her get away.

Ax had watched all of this. Why she was running, he didn't know, but from the way she was being chased, she couldn't be a Controller. He morphed to owl, and went to find the others.

Rachel and Tobias found him, on the way back to the barn.

Ax-man, any luck?

No. I mean, yes, I found her, but she was in the Sharing,-

So she was a Controller?

I don't think so. She was being chased the last time I saw her, when she jumped from the side walk to the roof of the building in front of her.

> Did I hear that right? asked Rachel. Ax, you've been watching too much TV recently.<p>

No, I know what I saw, and she jumped, first from off a building, and landed safely, then to a building. I know that she shouldn't have been able to do that, but I saw her.

Where was she going? Tobias asked.

Probably to the last safe place she was at; your scoop, Rachel suggested.

Why? I mean, she could have gone anywhere with the speed she was making. retorted Ax.

Where else did she have to go? was her answer.

Rachel had a point. Turning around, he flew to his scoop.

She was there, all right. She had her head between her knees, panting.

I told you, gloated Rachel.

Lory raised her head. "Am I (gasp) that (wheeze) predictable?"

Rachel , still in owl morph, responded in shocked tones, YOU can _hear_ me?

"Wasn't I supposed to?"

I spoke privately. You shouldn't have been able to hear me at all.

"This has got to be the strangest planet I have ever been on. I just wish I knew how the Sithspit I got here. One minute, I was ejecting the hyper drive into space, and, the next I wake up here."

Right, said Tobias, soothingly. As Ax told you, we'll get you help. The best help that we can. We just want you to understand something: No matter how good Star Wars was as a movie, it wasn't real. Jedi don't exist, hyper drives aren't real, and this is Earth, the only planet humans have ever come from.

"I don't know what species you are, but I think you flew into one too many trees. I don't know what this 'Star Wars' is, but I am a Jedi apprentice, and there is such thing as a hyper drive. How else could you travel from planet to planet? Plus, the origin of the human world was lost so long ago, that there is only myth left. I mean, in ten thousand years of the Republic, and space travel so old before that, and with so many planets colonized, how could you possibly have kept track?"

Ask her to do something with the Force, Ax, Tobias whispered privately. If anything could snap her out of this, it would be failing to do that.

What is the Force? Ax asked, but decided to ask the girl anyway.

If you are a Jedi, as you claim, do something with a Force.

She gave him a look like he was the insane one. "Well, we usually aren't supposed to do it like a prank, but if you want me to—" She gestured.

Ax's TV rose about three feet into the air.

The shocked silence could have been cut with a knife.

The Animorphs began rapidly demorphing.

"We, um, I , um, we, um—" Rachel said, feeling rather weak.

Ax, now an Andalite again, asked, How did you do that?

"I used the Force," she answered, and shrugged.

"You used the Force," Rachel repeated.

"Haven't you ever heard of the Force?" she asked incredulously.

No, I haven't, replied Ax.

"You must me far from the Galactic Core, then. Is this world even a member of the Republic?"

"Um, no," said Rachel.

Ax, we need to talk privately, and with the others, said Tobias, as privately as he could.

I agree. Maybe she isn't insane after all.

Ma'am, we need to go talk to our friends. Do you mind waiting here, and actually staying here, this time? asked Ax. What is your name, anyway?

"My name is Lory, apprentice to Master Gelian. My I know what you are called?"

I am Aximili, and these are my friends, Rachel and Tobias. There are others like us, who have the same abilities as we do. We are going to them, to ask them for advice.

"Very well, I will stay. I sense no deception from you."

Thanks loads, answered Tobias.

The Animorphs remorphed into their owl morphs and went to Cassie's barn. She and the others were checking in. They had searched, but had had no luck.

Demorphing, Rachel announced, "We found her."

"You did?" asked Cassie. "How is she? Where did you find her?"

Actually, she came back to the scoop. Want to know what else? She may not be crazy. We saw her move something; she is a Jedi.

"Now who's the insane one?" Cassie laughed.

"I saw it too, Cassie. She moved Ax's television. There was no way she could have done that, without the Force."

"Could she have been a telekinetic?"

No. There has been only one reported case of species with telekinesis. Traits like that tend to be species specific. The entire species either has it, or they don't.

"Is there a chance that humans may have some sort of latent telekinetic ability, and when she found out what she could do, drove her mad? Star Wars is just a movie, for God's sake!"

Marco and Jake showed up at this point. The debate was getting rather heated.

There is a theory that there are several different universes. Each one is a branch from the other, each representing another line of possibility. There is the possibility that there is a universe out there similar to or exactly like your movie 'Star Wars'. She may have come from one of those.

"Ax, I hate to have to say that, but that sounds more than a little insane in and of itself," commented Marco.

Well, the theory itself was first proposed by an Andalite that was eventually committed to an institution for those that were mentally incompetent.

"Yep, what did I tell you."

Lory had been waiting for Ax and the others for a while now. She wished she knew where they had gone. Her knees were still trembling from her meeting with those creatures. She needed rest. Putting herself into Restful-Sleep-In-Danger, she tried to keep a part of herself alert at all times. She dreamed.

In it, there were horrible worm-like creatures that were taking over people's minds. Those were the creatures that she had seen earlier! They were attacking Coruscant! They had to be stopped!

Waking up with a horrific falling sensation, she awoke.

Gasping for breath, she got a feeling like she had swallowed some Hutt slime.

She felt a disturbance in the Force.

Lory knew she had to leave, now. She was endangering those who were helping her.

Ax came after her when the debate was over. Jake wanted to meet her, to see for himself if she was crazy. Lory was no where to be found. He morphed to owl, and returned to the barn. Not bothering to demorph, Ax reported, She's gone again.

What? exclaimed Tobias. She said she would stay put!

"Maybe something Jedi like came up, and she had to leave," added Marco.

"This isn't the time to make jokes, Marco," griped Rachel. "She could be anywhere by now. Ax said that her speed was impressive running from the yeerks. There is still the chance she could be one of them, you know."

"You think I don't?"

"Guys, calm down. Your right, we have no clue where she might have gone. The thing is, what do we do about it?" Jake asked sarcastically.

"I guess we go looking again," said Cassie, softly.

"Guys," came a voice from the barn door.

Turning, they all saw Erek standing there.

"What's wrong?" answered Jake.

"We have a big, big problem," Erek said seriously.

Lory was racing to the place were she had sensed the disturbance coming from. It was near an ocean, she thought. That was the clearest impression that she had. The rest she could tell were important, but they were so blurry. She wished that she could do this with the ease of her Master. As she thought this, she squashed it. If she let herself get distracted from what she had to do, she would crack. She knew it. All she had to do, she kept telling herself, was finish this, and then she could worry about getting home. Just till then.

Suddenly, Lory was being torn open.

A place in her shoulder felt like a knife had gone through it. The shock of it sent her to the ground. It took her several minutes to realize that it wasn't her that was being torn. It was the fabric of the Universe; a hole was being made in the Force!

She understood now, what was occurring. Those, those ****things**** were trying to get out of this Universe! She had to stop them, before they

damaged the very substance of time and space.

With renewed vigor, she ran on to her final destination.

Jake couldn't have heard that right.

"You're saying, then, that Visser 3 is trying to open a gateway to another dimension? That he intends to send through troops, and make Controllers of whatever he finds there?" he said incredulously.

Erek nodded. He looked like her didn't quite believe it himself.

"Well, we knew that Visser 3 was loony, but I never thought he would do something _this_ stupid," said Marco.

Does he even know what he is doing? added Ax. You could do serious harm to the space time continuum with something so stupid! He could change the past of this Universe so that he might never be born, or stop there from even being a Universe!

"I think his scientists tried to tell him, but he beheaded the first dozen that told him that," Erek continued. "His first trial of the machine is scheduled for tonight."

"Why didn't you tell us earlier?" demanded Rachel.

"Because I couldn't get away in time. I and the other Chee managed to sabotage the first efforts he made, but know one but his most trusted assistants knew about this one! I found out when that crazy girl with the laser sword went into the pool and caused havoc!"

She wasn't a Controller? Tobias asked.

"I never saw or heard of her in my long life. I think she must have come directly from a Star Wars fan club meeting, because she was dressed in a robe and had the pig tail."

"We don't have enough time for her, you guys," Jake interrupted. "We need to find this thing and destroy it, now."

They all chorused, "Yes, Prince Jake."

They all got into there bird morphs, and made tracks to the area that Erek had said was the lad for the breaking machine, as Visser 3 called it.

Once there, they demorphed, and got into battle morphs. Rachel elephant, Cassie polar-bear, Jake tiger, Marco rhino, and Tobias in Hork-Bajir.

They had pretty good information on how to get in. They disabled the alarms, and got in. They saw many dark halls.

Well, oh fearless leader, which hall? asked Marco.

Jake sighed, and took a good look around. One to the left, one to the right, and one straight down the middle.

We split up. Tobias and Rachel, go right. Marco and Ax, go left,

Cassie and I, go center. Go.

They broke apart, and walked down the halls.

Tobias and Rachel went as quietly as they could in their morphs, but that wasn't very. Neither had good night vision. Thus, when they walked into a trap, they weren't very surprised. It was the classic tiger trap. The floor opened up beneath them, and they plunged into blackness.

Ax and Marco went a little more softly than their counterparts in the right hall. There were several adjacent doors on their corridor, and they both wondered what that might mean.

I'll look in this one if you look in that one, okay? whispered Marco.

Why should I look in this one, and not that one? asked Ax.

All right, then. I'll look in this one, and you can look in that one.

They both quietly crept over to their chosen doors and looked in.

What do you see?

Cassie?

Ahhahaha! Jake, don't do that! You scared ten years off my life! she said, jumping about a foot.

Sorry. Did you notice the breeze in here?

Yeah, now that you mention it.

Well, I was wondering- he gave a huge tiger's yawn. If it might, (yawn), beâ€¦

He had fallen asleep.

Gas, she agreed, before she too, fell asleep.

They woke up in a cage.

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Marco yelled.

Whatisthat? Rachel replied.

Uh, I think we happen to be captured, answered Tobias.

The rest of the Animorphs woke up, and they had similar reactions. They were all in a box of organic metal, that was currently opaque.

Ha, ha, ha, my brave Andalite bandits. I have you at last!

Was this all a trap? asked Jake, calmly.

Humorously, the Visser replied. No, but I could guess with a

reasonable margin that you find out about my latest project, and that you would come to try to destroy it.

Kill us and get it over with, Visser, Rachel trumpeted.

What? And lose my audience? And six valuable, morph capable bodies? I am not a fool.

The cage became transparent. They could see a massive arched machine in front of them. There was a faint orange glow coming from the under the arch. Visser 3 walked over to it, and caressed it lovingly.

This little device will be my ultimate triumph. The conquest of another universe will put me back in good graces with the Council of Thirteen. I will finally get the title of Visser 1! Bwahhahahah! he laughed insanely.

Okay, commented Marco. We can stop worrying about putting Lory in an institution, and get Visser 3 a nice, padded room and a straight jacket.

They watched in fascinated horror as the generators that powered Visser 3's monstrosity started up with a faint whine. It started slowly, and sped up, and was about to peak,-

When the massive hanger doors opened.

There was Lory, standing, with her hood shading her expressionless face.

Bum-bum, bum-bum, bum-bum, bum-bum-bum. Man, you guys are right. This girl has seen the Phantom Menace way too many times, remarked Marco.

Seize that human! shouted Visser 3.

The Animorphs watched helplessly as several Hork-Bajir, armed with Dracon beams, raced over to the apparently defenseless human.

Confidently, Lory shrugged off her cloak, and pulled out her lightsaber.

Lory had been had found this place by the noise from the generators. It had taken her far longer than she had liked to get to this room, but now she saw the humans and the alien she had met earlier. She had sensed their distress, and was grateful she could find them in time.

She thumbed on her lightsaber.

The Animorphs saw the Hork-Bajir hesitate.

If you can't handle her, I will! snarled Visser 3.

Several of the Controllers were goaded into action. They began firing at her. Flicking her lightsaber, she deflected them.

Now taking the fight to them, she charged into the middle, and split kicked. Two went down. She jumped over the heads of several Taxxons,

and sliced them open. Locking her blade on, she used the Force to send it to cut open the box containing the Animorphs, but before she could finish, a Dracon beam hit her from behind. She skittered across the floor. Grunting, she got back up. She had sensed it a half second before, and absorbed it. Using the spare energy, she threw it into a wave that sent the Controllers coming toward her off their feet.

In that spare moment, she sprang up, and went back over to her saber, and finished the cut.

The Animorphs went to work.

Rachel engaged a group of Hork-Bajir, while Tobias started after some Taxxons. Ax went directly to the machine, which was still heating up.

While Marco body guarded Ax, Ax tried to get into the computer system, and shut the thing down.

The fight went on, while again and again, Ax was thrown out. The gateway started to open.

It was a place Ax had never seen, and never thought could exist. It was a city the size of a planet. It was huge, and hideous.

Lory looked over in time to see the gate open to Coruscant. Home!

Bug fighters were standing ready, to go through the gate. At the sound of them heading for the portal, Lory knew what she had to do. She again locked on her lightsaber, and threw it at the machine.

Ax looked up in time to see what looked to him like lightening strike the control panel in front of him. He lurched back, and it continued to slice through the metal. Turning an eye stalk, he saw Lory standing there, with her hand outstretched, staring at the blade. She didn't see Visser 3 behind her.

Visser 3! he shouted, hoping to distract him. He leaped, and blocked the Visser's tail blade barely in time.

Lory finished the cut. It was over.

Seeing his precious machine in ruins, Visser 3 called out Just you wait, my dear Andalite bandits. I'll get you yet, and your pet human, too! MWAHAHAH!

The Animorphs and Lory made a break for it.

When they finally reached safety, Lory asked, "I'm not in the Republic anymore, am I?"

Gasping, and starting to laugh at her unknowing joke, Marco answered, "No, Dorothy, you're over the rainbow."

Rachel mimed a punch at him.

"Lory, we have a lot to tell you," said Jake, "but first, welcome to earth."

Comments?

2. Ripped Seams

> <meta name="Generator"> A Tear In Space 2: Ripped Seam **

A Tear in Space 2: Ripped Seams

**

Disclaimer: Animorphs belongs to Scholastic, and Star Wars and all other related stuff belongs to the great George Lucas and Lucasfilm. I make no money from this.

Lory thought that she had seen it all in her tenure as a Padawan. Now, she knew that she was wrong. Now, she was faced with something so strange, so unnatural, that there was no way she would ever be the same.

She was watching Ax eat.

There were many aliens in the galaxy that ate in ways that were disgusting to humans. She had been an initiate with several of them. She had gotten over that, because they weren't human. Of course their eating habits would be different.

However, Rachel had decided that Lory would have a decent wardrobe while she was on earth. They had taken her to Rachel's home to get her dressed in native clothing so that she wouldn't stand out quite as much. She had even gone so far as to find a brown wig to cover up her short, almost shorn hair. Then, after dressing her like a giant doll, they had gone to what Rachel had termed "the mall". Lory gathered that it was like some sort of market place. The other Animorphs had come as well, to make sure that she stayed out of trouble. They had spent a great deal of time finding a bewildering collection of garments for her. All she had needed at the temple had been a few changes of her loose khaki clothes and her robes. Why did she need so many, and in so many colors?

"Because," Rachel explained, in the tones used for a three-year old. "While many of the Controllers won't notice you anyway, they all saw you in those outfits, with short hair. We have to make sure that they won't recognize you, and what better way to do in with a typical teenager's fashions?"

Lory couldn't really argue with her logic.

It had gone fine, until they had reached the "food court". Ax had said that he wanted cinnamon buns. From the Force sense that she got from him, 'want' was too mild a term. He craved them.

The others agreed to let him have some, and they told her to stand back. She did, not understanding what they meant.

He had torn into them. Eating in a way that would have made a Hutt jealous, he made food go everywhere.

All she could do was stare.

Finally, she nibbled on a piece, and while she could agree that it was quite good, she didn't understand his fascination with it.

It was one of the many things she did not understand about this world.

Jake and Ax told her that she was in another universe. Frankly, she couldn't see how she could be anywhere else. There was also something they weren't telling her. It was something that bothered them a great deal.

Ax has explained the theory of a _Sario_ _Rip_. Apparently, when the hyper drive she had been working on exploded, it had made a tear in space and time. Through luck or the Force, she had come here in time to help them. She had heard similar theories in her studies.

But that something they were keeping secret was bothering her.

They had told her about the yeerks, the brain stealing aliens she had encountered, and the battle they fought with them. She had decided that since she was here anyway, she might as well help them. They were fighting the Dark Side, as well as any Jedi.

She just wished she understood why she had to wear this ridiculous clothing.

They left the mall, and she and the others returned to Cassie's barn. Lory had been sleeping in the barn during the three days and nights that she had been in this world. She didn't mind; she had slept in far worse places.

She carried the many bags that contained the garments, and tried to see where she could put them. Climbing up to the loft, she put them down, and pulled off the silly wig. She jumped from the loft easily.

"Well?" asked Rachel.

"Well, what?" Lory answered blankly.

"Aren't you going to try them on so we can see how you look in them?"

"Why would I need to do that?"

"Lay off, Rachel," Cassie interrupted. "She's not the fashion queen you are, remember? Just because she let you go help her shop doesn't mean that she is your personal Barbie."

Rachel laughed. "Sorry, I guess I forgot."

Later that night, Lory went visiting Ax and Tobias.

I wish you weren't so quiet when you moved, Lory, Tobias muttered as she walked up out of nowhere. He was used to hearing people before they arrived. It unnerved him to meet someone who could elude that.

"Sorry," she whispered back. "Where's Ax?"

He's in his scoop watching TV,

"What is 'TV'?" she asked.

You don't know what a TV is. he responded incredulously. We'll have to fix that gap in your education about earth, He took off from his perch, and flew toward Ax's scoop. She followed him.

Tobias! said Ax happily. I was just thinking of coming to get you. Would you mind explaining the meaning of this story that I am watching? he asked, and gestured to his television.

It was on HBO. It was showing the Phantom Menace.

Ax! Tobias yelled in private thought-speak. Change the channel, now!

They had forgotten about Lory's ability to hear thought speak that was not directed to her.

"Why does he need to change the channel? Is it like watching the holo projector?"

Then, it registered what she was watching. She was seeing what looked like the Jedi Temple.

In the center of the room, stood her friend Qui-Gon. She stared. It couldn't be him!

As she listened to him speak, she knew that _it was_ Qui-Gon. Only, he was much, much older.

"What is Qui-Gon doing on this, this TV, as you called it? And why is he, what, standard fifty years old? He was my age when I left."

I told you to change the channel, Ax. hissed Tobias.

I was just watching this movie, he answered helplessly.

I'll change it, then, Tobias said, and started morphing.

A lightsaber placed itself between him and the television.

"No," replied Lory, " you will not."

She sat down in front of the set, and saw the rest of the movie. When it was over, she stood, with silent tears running down her face.

"So, this is what you wouldn't tell me," she accused softly.

We, started Tobias. He faltered when he saw her expression, then regained his composure. We thought it would be better if you didn't know.

"Is this the future, or some kind of sick joke?" she asked, her tone vicious.

We don't know, Ax answered this time. There are so many probable universes, that your simply being here and seeing how things

happened, may change the course of events. In this one, stories like this one are told as entertainment. People don't mean anything cruel by it. It is just a story to them.

Tobias took up the thread; All they are here is images on a screen, actors that only play the part. You know that we thought you were crazy when we first met you? We thought that maybe you had seen that movie one too many times. When this newest one came out-

"Newest one? Are you saying that there are others?" she nearly shrieked.

Calm down. You're a Jedi, remember? Aren't you supposed to be calm?

Lory was shocked. She was five the last time her temper had gotten away with her this much.

"I'm sorry," she choked. "I didn't mean to get so out of control."

Yeah, well, we understand. If we were to suddenly find out that we were, say, a book series for kids in another universe, I think I would freak out too.

"No, it's not just that. I'm not supposed to let myself get out of control like that. I was afraid, and fear leads to the Dark Side."

I'm sorry you found out about it this way, Lory.

"It's okay, Tobias," she said weakly. "I'll be okay. It would explain some of Marco's comments, anyway. Just, tell me where I can find a recording of those other 'movies'. I want to make sure that if I ever get back to my own universe, that those things never happen."

The next few days were a Star Wars marathon. Lory, Ax and Tobias were given the keys to Cassie's house, so they could use her VCR. They watched every single Star Wars movie, several times.

"I still can't believe this," Lory said softly.

"Neither can I," Ax told her. "I have trouble believing that humans enjoy making up such strange fictitious stories. I enjoy those that take place in earth culture, such as the _Young and the Restless_, but those that don't make little sense to me. Present company excluded, of course,"

"Of course," she answered wryly.

That night there was a meeting in the barn. They had gotten some strange news about the yeerks. Apparently, they had been very impressed with Lory's talents, and were doing experiments to find out how she did them. They were performing experiments on many different species to test their theories.

"That's barbaric!" Rachel shouted.

The rest agreed in various ways, but Lory attempted to maintain her sense of peace. Ever since her break down at Ax's scoop, she had

tried even harder to keep a proper Jedi appearance of decorum.

"I have an idea," Jake said with authority.

"Jake," Marco smirked, "that is so Han Solo."

"Marco," Rachel hissed, looking at Lory.

"That's okay, Rachel," Lory said. "I have seen the movies. I liked them."

"You're fine with that?" Jake asked.

"As fine as I can be without finding out if they are true or not."

"Well, people, we have a job to do, so let's get a move on."

They left the barn, most in bird morph. Lory couldn't do that, so she walked. Not that it slowed her down that much.

The Animorphs had already demorphed when Lory got there.

The building they had gone to was a short, squat brick building, sort of like the school, with a barb wire fence around it. Ereka had told of about the various security measures that had been taken. Lory had volunteered to provide the distraction they needed, and disable the systems.

She was dressed in her full Jedi garb, and had her hood covering her face. Drawing her lightsaber, she crept up to the gate. There were no living guards. Looking up, she carefully melded her mind to the Force, and jumped over.

She landed easily. It took her only a few seconds to wreck the sensors and let her friends in. They had already gotten into their battle morphs.

They crept as quietly as they could. Lory's talents were very useful in that area. She was able to probe ahead to find the best route to the lab.

They went carefully down several corridors, with Lory seeming to know where she was going. Finally, she made a turn to the left, then into a back room, and they were there.

The pain coming from the people there was making Lory nearly physically ill. It was all she could do to keep herself from trying to rip the place apart with her bare hands. When she found herself doing this, she stopped short for a moment.

Why am I letting my emotions rule myself like this? She asked herself. She had never had so much trouble before. It was like she was feeling things for the first time; like she had been blind or deaf her whole life, and was only now seeing and hearing. What was the matter with her?

> This place is disgusting, she heard Cassie say. <p>

Yeah, answered Rachel. How do they think they will ever be able to give someone Jedi talents, without a Jedi to study?

They all looked at her like she had said something wrong.

What?

"Let's be grateful that they can't," Lory told her. "Thankfully, Jedi abilities have to be inborn, but it takes years of training to be able to use them. There is always the danger of turning to the Dark side. It has been a problem in the past, that some have felt that it was not fair that an inborn talent gave the Jedi their status. Those that said such never understood that most Jedi don't live happy lives. In fact, most are likely to die before they even reach full knighthood."

I- I didn't know that, Rachel confessed. All I ever really thought of when I saw the movies was that it would be so cool just to get a chance to use a lightsaber, or move things using the Force.

"No big poo doo. Your lives are as hard, if not harder."

Well, now that that's cleared up, Jake interrupted. Let's trash the place!

Lory lit her saber, and the others went to work. With all of them working together, it was thoroughly thrashed in minutes.

They left, and wondered if it had been too easy.

It was.

As they exited, Lory felt a tremor in the Force. Trusting her intuition, she shouted, "Down!" and ducked.

The Animorphs followed her lead, and barely missed being struck by a Dracon beam.

Lory easily bounded to her feet, with her saber lit. In the light of its glow, she was able to see that they were surrounded.

Thank you, my brave Andalite warriors. You have brought me the human that I was most wishing to meet, mocked Visser 3.

Around her, the Animorphs made various growling sounds.

I told you so, Marco added.

Enough, Jake ordered. He scanned the area, taking in the Blade ship, the Bug fighters, and the assorted Controllers in the area. Then his eyes lit on something. He remembered how Lory had used her saber earlier. If she could do it againâ€¦|

Lory, he called urgently. Do you think that you could throw your lightsaber at one of the Bug fighters?

She nodded slightly.

During this exchange, Visser 3 had ranted for a while about his genius. It was getting rather tiresome. Rachel was wondering when they were going to attack, and Marco was still telling everyone he told them so.

Everybody, Jake commanded. Lory is going to toss her saber again, and we'll use that as a distraction to get away. No heroics, right, Rachel?

Right, she said sourly.

Okay, we've done what we came for. Let's get out of here.

Lory's yellow blade hummed as she waited for a heartbeat, and threw it, not at a Bug fighter, but at the Blade ship.

What the? Tobias yelled.

Her face was tight with concentration, as she began carving a human sized hole into the side of Visser 3's personal vessel.

Guards! Visser 3 sputtered. Seize them! I'll make you pay dearly, human, for touching my ship!

I told you no heroics! Jake snarled at her as they ran.

"You told _Rachel_ no heroics. You didn't say a thing about me," she pointed out.

They had almost made it to the fence, when the reactor in Blade ship went critical. It made a very loud ****_boom_****.

The Animorphs, Ax and Lory screamed as the heat and the flames that ignited from the blast caught them-

Blackness

Rachel gave a soft groan as she stirred. For some reason, she had been in the middle of the strangest dream. She and her friends had been fighting Visser 3, with a Jedi apprentice, when-

She bolted up, as she realized that it had been no dream.

Around her, her fellows were still unconscious, but showing signs of awakening.

Since they were all right, she began to look around. She and the others were lying on a flat metal deck of some kind, and they looked to be in a hallway. The lights were florescent, and glaringly bright. When she noticed that there was no grass growing on the deck, she ruled out their being on an Andalite ship, at least. Since they weren't dead, or Controllers, they couldn't be on a yeerk ship, either. Thank goodness for small favors, she thought. They hadn't been captured.

Wait a minute. I'm not in morph anymore.

She felt a surge of panic, as she began concentrating on her eagle morph. She started to go through the familiar feeling of itching when her beak grew, and relaxed. She could still morph.

Just then an alien with cream and violet markings came around the corner. Rachel sat there in shock, as it was walking upright, and it was wearing clothes. For some reason, the idea of an alien wearing a

long brown robe startled her speechless.

Lory, beside Rachel, woke up, because her had caught a pleasantly familiar smell. Her eyes opened, and she cried joyfully, "Master!"

The other Animorphs woke at the sound, and all looked on in bemusement at the sight of Lory trying to hug a creature nearly twice her size.

Prologue

Darth Nocturne sat watching his apprentice go through his training exercises. He chuckled to himself, but stopped as it turned into a racking cough. Damn his wasting body, he cursed himself. The powers of the Dark side, while great, exacted a price from the bearer. It would waste away the body of any who used it for too long. He was now reaping the benefits of his long tenure as a Sith.

Using the self-control and hatred that had sustained him for so long, he thought again of the pure irony of what was happening. All this time, his apprentice, Darth Sidious, thought he was training to be his successor in the ways of the Dark side.

Darth Nocturne looked at his precious holocron. It had been stolen from the Jedi by his Master, but he had been the one to unlock its secrets. He had learned how he could become immortal. He would let his apprentice continue to train, and prepare his new body, and when he had finally worn this one out, he steal the body of the younger Lord. He chuckled again, more carefully, this time.

It was just a matter of time.

3. Unraveled

> <meta name="Generator"> A Tear in Space 3: Unraveled **

A Tear in Space 3: Unraveled

**

Disclaimer: Animorphs belongs to Scholastic, and Star Wars belongs to George Lucas.

Lory had never been happier to see her Master than she had at that moment.

"Lory!" she heard him exclaim, as she rushed to greet him. "We felt your presence leave from the Force. We were certain you were dead."

"I should have been," she answered him. "But for a strange phenomenon that took me to a strange world."

Rachel was already awake, and they were beginning to ask questions. Turning to them, she quickly explained what had happened.

"The explosion of the Blade ships engines must have caused another Sario Rip. For some reason we came to my home universe." For a

moment, she again lost her Jedi trained calm.

That still worried her. Ever since she had seen the tales that were so similar to the world she had been brought up in, she had been on the verge of an emotional outburst. First, she had threatened her friends when they had tried to cover up the movies existence, and later, she had been unstable when they had attacked the yeerk's research center. She didn't want to think very hard about what it could mean.

"Whoa," she could hear Marco muttered to Jake. "We get to see the real thing, don't we?" His voice contained a mixture of excitement and nervousness. She couldn't blame him. They had been fighting a group of evil aliens for a long time, and they were seasoned warriors. She was proud to have known them.

It was so good to be home!

She began thinking of all the things she could show her friends then came to a screeching halt.

The Sith may still exist. They would kill Qui-Gon, if she let them. She could change things here. The only thing she had to do, she thought bitterly, was convince the Council that she knew that there was a possibility, (not a certainty, but a possibility!), of the Sith still being around. Not only that, they had yet to do the crimes that they committed in those same movies. She had no solid proof!

She groaned to herself, and repeated her vow. No matter what it took, she wouldn't let the Sith win. She would guard Qui-Gon with her life, when the time came, she would kill Palpatine, she would keep Anakin Skywalker from ever being born, she would-

She found her Master staring at her with a concerned expression.

"Is something amiss, apprentice?" he asked in his soothing Camaasi voice.

She took a steadying breath. "No, Master. I was thinking about the problems we would have getting my friends home," she lied quickly. By all tradition, a Padawan was forbidden to lie to her Master, but there was no way that she could tell him what was going through her mind at that moment. Besides, it wasn't all a lie, she consoled herself. I am worried about getting them home. We can't keep making big explosions and hope that it sends them to the right place.

I was wondering about that myself, remarked Ax, after Lory had introduced the Animorphs to her Master. There are many problems with the method of which we have arrived, and the way Lory returned. It would be difficult to repeat them, without killing us.

"We will deal with that later," said Lory's Master. "I think it would be prudent to convene a meeting of the Council. They would be very interested in what you have told us. They may also be able to provide guidance in our search for an answer. Would you mind showing your friends to a chamber, my apprentice?" he asked Lory kindly.

"Not at all, Master, once you tell me where we are."

He laughed. "Ever the pert one, aren't you? We are in the Temple,

Padawan."

The confusion in Lory's expression went away. "Thank you, Master. Come on, let's go!" she called, and nearly ran down the hall.

The Animorphs looked at each other, then they followed.

Darth Nocturne again went over the ancient document containing one of the oldest Sith prophecies. It claimed that the first Dark Lord to transfer his soul would be the one to bring back the glory of their order. He intended to be the first.

Behind him, he felt the presence of his pupil.

"What have learned, my apprentice?" he asked the man behind him, without bothering to turn around.

"Our spy drones from the Jedi Temple have reported something interesting. Apparently, the young Padawan that had been thought dead has turned up alive, healthy, and is claiming to have visited another universe," Sidious told Nocturne in his cold, rasping voice.

Darth Nocturne turned to get a good look at his student's face, to see if he was lying or not. The Force almost seemed to hum at the mention of this news. He wondered what it could mean.

Sidious' face was as pale as it had ever been, half hidden in the black hood of his robe. His pale yellow eyes gave him a reptilian appearance, and his even paler blond hair was in a cut shorter than that of a Padawan. He was powerfully built, and very tall. His presence was as cool as many Jedi, but the hate burned as strongly as Nocturne's own.

Nocturne was looking forward to the day when he would displace Sidious' personality, and replace it with his own.

"Have you confirmed this report?"

"Yes, my Master. But if you should so wish, I will go and do so myself."

"Yes," Nocturne told him. "Go upstairs, and see what is going on."

The two Sith laughed. Who would think to look for them in the Jedi's own Temple?

"This place is huge," Marco remarked, trying to sound nonchalant, but failing miserably.

"It is," Lory told him, as they went to the Council waiting rooms. She had elected to take the semi-long way, so to show them around a bit. The Council would take its time getting to them, so they weren't in any way rushed.

"In the movies," Jake said. "It seemed a heck of a lot smaller."

Lory winced at the reminder. She didn't want to think about that.

"Duh, Jake," Rachel told him. "That was only a movie. This is the real thing."

They were walking through one of the many atriums that lined the outer walls of the Temple. Plants from many worlds grew up and down the walls, floor, and dangled from the ceiling. A miniature waterfall completed the image of serenity that permeated the entire building. The whole effect stunned the Animorphs.

May I try some of the grasses? Ax requested. They look delicious.

"I can't see any reason not to," Lory told him. "There are many species of grazers that eat here."

Thank you. He stepped carefully on the lush mat of grass to the side of the walkway.

This is very tasty grass, Ax commented, looking rather embarrassed about the way everyone stared at him.

"I'm glad you like it," Lory said, and beamed in delight.

She felt like an initiate again. It was fun showing off the wonders of her world to the Animorphs.

Lory began walking down the hall again, when she sensed a disturbance in the Force. It was then that she realized-

She didn't have time to realize much of anything, because a Force wave shoved her into the waterfall.

Jake saw Lory hit the water, and barked, "Tobias!"

I don't see anybody! he yelled back. Wait! Over there!

Jake had begun to morph tiger, and Rachel and the rest followed suit.

Then they heard the laughing.

A boy about their age came out from a large marble-like pillar.

"You nerf-herder! Hutt slime, drool machine! Wait until I-" they heard from behind them, in the pool.

Lory had nearly hit the bottom of the falls, and had kicked her way up again. She came up sputtering and very annoyed.

"I swear Qui-Gon, if you pull another prank like that again, I'll dunk you in bantha poo-doo!"

"You have no sense of humor, Lory," said the unknown boy. Jake got a closer look at him. He looked a great deal like the way he would expect a young Liam Neeson to appear. He was looking at the young Qui-Gon Jinn.

Qui-Gon walked over to Lory to help her out of the water. He must not have noticed the look of sheer mischief on her face. He gave her his

hand, and she pulled him in, then crawled out herself.

"You!"

The both looked at each other, and dissolved into helpless laughter.

After helping her old friend out of the water, Lory gave introductions.

"I hope you'll forgive my saying so," Rachel asked, "but I thought that Jedi, even apprentices, were supposed to be more reserved than that."

Qui-Gon looked a little shame faced at that.

"Um, usually, we are, but I was so relieved at seeing my friend alive, that, wellâ€¦" he trailed off.

"That dunk her in water, you did?" came a kindly, wise voice from an adjoining corridor.

"Master Yoda," both the Padawans said in unison, and bowed deeply.

Rachel and Cassie exchanged looks, and the also tried to bow. Jake and Marco hurriedly followed, with Ax and Tobias just looking confused.

"We are sorry, Master," Lory said. "I wanted to show my friends some of the Temple before going to the Council Chambers, and since I thought I would have time-" she gestured, trying to convey that she didn't know the time, that she didn't mean to be late, and that it wouldn't happen again.

Yoda chuckled. "Late, not, you are, young Padawan. I simply leave early to meet guests of ours."

He looked at the Animorphs with a critical eye. "Not strong as a Jedi is," he said finally. "Not in using the Force, but strong in other ways. Fighting for the Light, they are, and will do well, I think." He nodded in approval. "The Force is with them."

"Now, apprentice, come you will and explain how you survived being in a vacuum, and alive even when your own master believed you dead."

"Yes, my Master," Lory replied, trying to look dignified, even with water dripping down her nose.

She walked to the door of the corridor that Master Yoda had come from, and Jake and the others began to follow.

"Speak to you alone, first," Master Yoda told them. "Apprentice Qui-Gon, take these young people, you will, to the Council waiting room. Stop, not, to fall into anymore waterfalls, I think you should, yes?"

Embarrassed, Qui-Gon bowed again, and motioned for the Animorphs to follow him. He went in a different direction than Lory. Shrugging,

they went with him.

"Strange," Yoda said to himself, looking around. He had felt something cold brush him in the Force. It had been tenuous at most, but stillâ€¦

"Old, you are getting," he commented, and turned back down the hall. It had to have been nothing.

Darth Sidious went down his own path. He was dressed as a Padawan. He snorted to himself. He had to tell his real Master what he had seen, but his 'Master' would be looking for him soon.

As Lory approached the Chamber of the Jedi Council, she could feel nervousness drip off her like the water dripping from her robe. She shouldn't be feeling like that, she told herself sternly. A Jedi is in control of her emotions at all times. She sighed as she thought this. She could control them, but that didn't keep her from feeling them.

The Council was held in the tallest tower of the Temple. It was a circular room, walled in with transparisteel. It gave a glorious view of Coruscant no matter the time or weather. The Council was seated around the room, in chairs that were specifically built for whatever species sat in them. Those they interviewed would always speak to the senior members, but they would be inspected by all of the Council.

Rather like an insect under glass, she found herself thinking, wondering what they would find when they interviewed her. Then she berated herself for such thoughts. They were warriors for the Light. They wouldn't bite her.

Still, she couldn't hold back the shudder that went through her as she entered the ornate doors of the Chamber.

"So, Apprentice Lory, you claim to have been to another universe, and returned from there?" began Master Mace Windu.

"Yes, I do, sir," she whispered. I am not afraid, she repeated to herself. I am not afraid.

Then the awful thought occurred to her. What is this _isn't_ my universe?

Panic hit her.

"I sense great fear in you," he said, looking surprised.

"I, sir, I just thought that maybe this wasn't my universe, and maybe I landed in one that was only similar, and that-"

A soft chuckle greeted her. "There are, believe it or not, ways to tell," said a voice from behind her.

Yadala, one of Master Yoda's species, told her of a type of subatomic particle that picked up a type of vibration that matched a particular universe. They had used a scanner on her when she had entered the room, and her frequency matched that of this continuum. The youths she brought with her did not.

Lory held in a sigh of relief. That was one worry solved.

"Shall we continue?" Windu asked. "However, young Padawan, your lack of calm would indicate that your recent adventures have left a bad impression on you."

Lory tightened her control as much as she could, and the questioning went on from there.

"How long have you known Lory?" asked Cassie when they entered the Spartan waiting room.

"All my life," answered Qui-Gon. "We are the same age, and were born on the same planet. Lory's parents were killed in a natural disaster, and my parents found her. They took her in, and our midi-chlorian count was taken at the same time. So we went to the Temple together."

"How old were you?" Jake wondered. "I heard that you were taken from your families very early."

"We aren't 'taken', if you mean like 'kidnapped'. Our families are told that we have the potential to be Jedi, and then, if they give their consent, we are allowed to go to train at the Temple. The first locating does take place in the first six months, or sometimes at as old as a year, but we aren't completely cut off from our home worlds. We are given tutoring there for many months when we are discovered, then we go to the Temple. We get to see and communicate with relatives frequently. If any alienation happens, it is when an initiate realizes that they have so little in common with those they care about. A person who has trained in the Temple for so long is naturally going to gravitate to others that have been trained in the Force. You can't describe being able to see without having ever been able to see yourself."

Interesting way to put it, Tobias commented.

"Sounds like I hear a little snobbery," sniffed Rachel.

"I don't mean it like that," Qui-Gon said hastily. "I meant that, well, if you haven't done something, you can't have someone tell you about it. The best way to know is to experience it."

"Yeah," Marco cracked. "Sounds to me like you think a little too highly of yourselves."

"No, " Jake said cheerfully, feeling like a ribbing would do the apprentice some good. "Lory wasn't like that, at least after we got to know her. She tried to tell us about the Force, remember? Do you think that it might just be Qui-Gon?"

Sounds that way to me, interjected Ax. I believe that you have told me how often it sounds like Andalites have the greatest arrogance in the universe. Maybe in ours, but I think that these people here have the most in this one.

"Hey!" exclaimed Qui-Gon. Then he understood that they were teasing him, and started to laugh. They all joined him.

They had begun to trade inter-universal jokes, like how many droids does it take to replace a glowpanel, what did the one armed droid say to the Wookiee, and why did the chicken cross the road, when another Padawan entered the room.

"Hello, Qui-Gon," he said.

"Oh, hi, Palpatine," Qui-Gon answered. Palpatine was a few years younger than he was, but enormously talented. He had been chosen to be a Padawan at the age of eleven. That made him one of the youngest ever.

Despite his reputation, Qui-Gon could never warm to him. Face it, he mentally rebuked himself. You just don't like the guy.

Palpatine looked at them self-importantly. "The Council is ready to speak to the children now," he said to Qui-Gon, not even acknowledging the Animorph's presence.

He gestured for them to follow. Gritting their teeth at the insult, they followed him.

Qui-Gon sat in the room, not knowing what to think. With a sigh, he left.

Sidious had reported to his Master what he had learned about the children that had arrived with the Apprentice. What he had learned had intrigued Nocturne.

When Sidious had seen them begin to assume animal shapes, he had been fascinated. There were various species out there that had natural abilities along those lines, but he had never heard that it could be done technologically.

He assumed that was what it had to be. They clearly had at least three different species in that group, counting the humans. Yet, they had begun to change their form in the same manner. There was no other explanation. It had to be technology.

He had dutifully told Lord Nocturne this, straining to keep his hatred for his Master in check. It was difficult, especially when he knew what his Master had planned.

He had been the one to steal the holocron, and he had heard the myths associated with it. He had also gotten a good idea of what his Master was planning on using him for. When he had stolen, then replaced, the old prophecy scroll, he finally figured it out. His Master was going to steal his body.

He seethed with the rage that he could barely contain when Nocturne told him of what he had in mind for the children. He could barely concentrate on that when the thought of why Nocturne had mainly kept his training to the fighting aspects of the Force. He was only aware of Nocturne dismissing him, after telling him what he wanted.

"Yes, my Master," he almost spat, and left.

Tobias felt edgy as he flew along behind Palpatine. He knew what this guy was, or may not be, he reminded himself. There was every reason to believe that he would not turn to the Dark Side here, he repeated.

After all, Lory wasn't in the movies, right?

Yep, a traitorous voice reminded him, _but Lory could have been killed a long time before anything from the movie happened. She could have been on another mission, or she could have been wiped out by the Emperor's later purges. There is as much reason to think he could be a Sith as there is not to._

Ax, I have a bad feeling about this, he told his _shorm_.

To prove that statement correct, the world suddenly turned black.

Qui-Gon could feel the disturbance in the Force caused by someone in shock, and pain. He ran back the way he came, only to get caught in the same shock web that caught the Animorphs.

All over the Temple, the feeling of _not rightness_ reverberated. Lory was struck with knowingâ€| "They're in trouble!" she shouted.

She nearly ran from the room, when Master Yoda's voice halted her.

"Padawan, we have not dismissed you yet," his voice cracked with the sharpness of a slaver's whip.

Turning stiffly, Lory answered, "Don't you feel it? My friends, something's happened to them, I know it!"

"Strange," Mace Windu said softly, "that we, senior Jedi all, do not."

"Don't you feel _anything?_" Lory almost shrieked.

Yoda closed his eyes. "I feel a sense of wrongness, yes. Something is wrong in the Force. I senseâ€|_darkness_â€|."

The rest of the Council looked at him in surprise, then they all followed him in reaching out. Lory joined them. Collectively, their minds reached out, and they could sense the distress of the Animorphs as they were taken, Qui-Gon's worry, and his own subsequent capture.

Ding-ding-ding-ding- chanted an alarm.

One of the other Council members tripped a com unit.

"What is it?"

"There has been a security breach, sir," said one of the security droids.

"Where?" asked Master Windu.

"According to Padawan Palpatine, someone has taken our guests, and Padawan Qui-Gon. He was the only one not taken."

"Palpatine?" Lory whispered. No one heard her, or was even paying attention.

"Get a group of Jedi and security 'bots together to search the Temple, Sergeant," Windu ordered. He looked over at Lory, saying, "We'll get your friends back-" only to find that she was gone.

No one had felt her go. They all looked at each other in shock.

Lory charged down the halls of the Jedi Temple, with only one goal in her mind.

Palpatine.

--

She knew him for what he was, the Sith scum. She would make him tell her what he had done with her friends, what he had done with Qui-Gon!

Palpatine!

--

She was running now, with all the speed only someone Force trained could get. She would make him _pay_ for what he had done to the Animorphs, for what he _would do_ to the galaxy!

She had abandoned using the Force to run, now, and her lungs were sobbing for air. That didn't matter. She would stop him; ring the information from his mind. He would pay for hurting her brother!

Lory began thinking of all they had done as initiates, all the pranks, the games, going back to their home world on holidays. True, they weren't related by blood, but he was all the family she had ever had. They had promised to look out for each other, and she would **keep** that vow, no matterâ€¦|

Her thoughts trailed off. No matter what? She asked herself.

No time for that. She had to get to Palpatine. Now.

There was his room.

Lory turned to his door, and asked to enter, politely.

She could here him fumble for the lock mechanism.

Hate burned inside her.

"Lory?" he asked, sounding surprised. That was all he had time for, before she grabbed him by the tunic collar, and threw him into his room. She shut the door behind her.

Palpatine tried to throw her back with the Force, but she smothered it before he began. He tried to get his lightsaber, but she had already snatched it up. He looked into her pinched, white face, and cold eyes, and wondered if she was insane.

"Now, Sithspawn," she growled at him. "You will tell me what I want to hear, or I will hurt you."

Palpatine sent all that he had left into an inarticulate cry for help.

Whatever had blocked the earlier attack from being detected, obviously wasn't working now. Lory's Master, now working with one of the search crews, sensed the battle going on between the two apprentices' wills. He also could tell that she was winning.

The others with him could sense the conflict as well. They all rushed to the nearest lift, and went down to the apprentices' wing. When they got there, what they saw shocked them.

Lory was standing over Palpatine, beating him. Not bothering to use the Force on him, she was pummeling him with her hands and feet, leaving bleeding marks all over him. She was screeching incoherently.

"Lory, stop!" her Master begged. It broke his heart, feeling the Dark Side pulse through her like that.

He grabbed her from behind. She didn't really notice. She just kept on screaming. Now he could understand what she was yelling.

"I know all about you! You fragging nerf-herding Sith loving Dark Jedi! I know what you will become! I know! Tell me what you did with them, Sith! Sith! I'll kill you! I won't let you do that to the galaxy! You hear me? I won't!"

A medical droid accompanied them, and gave her a sedative. She immediately began to fall asleep. She was so far gone that she couldn't even think enough to cleanse it from her system.

"You. I will stop!" she finally passed out.

"Are you all right?" he asked the boy.

Looking at his hurts, the apprentice said, "What do you think?" He sounded like his pride was hurt more than his body.

Ignoring the apprentice on the bed, he gently lifted his own Padawan, and took her to the medical bay.

Once she was gone, one of the other Jedi asked Palpatine, "What did she want? What was she yelling at you when we got here?"

"She, she was asking me questions," he stated, still in shock. He touched some of his bruises and winced. "She thought that I was a dark Jedi, and that I was responsible for her friends kidnapping. Like the only reason I was left was because I had something to do with it."

"Well, lad, I hope you weren't, because if you were, I think she would have killed you."

Palpatine looked at the senior Jedi. "I think she was anyway."

Lory woke up to find herself inside a cell in the medical wing. It was usually used to confine those patients that were a danger to themselves, and others, or were extremely contagious. She wondered

which she was. Maybe she was both.

She could feel the mad rage that had burned earlier, still striving to take over again. A part of her still wanted blood.

"Once you start down the Dark pathâ€¦" she quoted softly to herself. She gave a short, ironic laugh. She had almost killed a fellow apprentice, and she had used the Dark Side to do it. No, she hadn't crushed his throat, or twisted his mind, but that strength that she had suddenly had to smother all of his counter attacks hadn't been a normal thing. A shudder passed through her. She could feel the lingering effects, clinging to her like fouled water. She fancied she could smell it.

She struggled to clear her head. Sitting down on the padded bench, she sat down to meditate. She had to work to push back the fear of expulsion; fear for her friends, knowing that if she was going to save them, there may be nothing left for her afterwards. Taking a deep breath, she listened for her heartbeat.

Finding it, she let the Force flow into her. She didn't reach, didn't grab, just drifted in it, and let the taste of the Animorphs presence come to her.

Almost- no, wait, maybe, she tugged, and- Lost it.

She tried again.

Remember how they felt, she thought. Ax's alienness, Rachel's strength, Cassie's wisdom, Marco's humor, Jake's will, and Tobias' spirit. Find them, let them find you-

With a flash, she knew where they were. They were still in the Temple.

She could feel Qui-Gon with them. He was safe!

Lory brushed against his mind, trying to send a message that she knew where he was, that she would help him, and that it would be soon.

It was when she was doing this, she felt the cold, tainted sliminess that she had so recently dabbled in. Only in this one, it wasn't just clinging to him, it flowed through him, making him a nexus of Darkness. There were two of them, she could tell, and they knew she was there-

She came back to herself with a snap. She had to wretch. Going over to the 'fresher unit in the cell, she began to heave her guts out.

"Not looking so good yourself, are you?" said a snotty voice behind her.

Grabbing a towel, she turned her head as she wiped her mouth, and saw Palpatine. "What do you want?" she said weakly. "Going to try for some payback?"

"NO," he said vehemently. He looked at her with an expression of disgust. "I was responsible for getting those children to the Council, and I failed in that task. I'm here to get you

out."

"You're what?" Lory's mouth fell open. She couldn't have heard that right.

"I said I was going to get you out of here. What, is your hearing leaving you like your sanity?" he said sarcastically.

"Why?" she wanted to know.

Palpatine sighed, and ran his hands through his short brown hair. "Because I don't like being called Sith, by anybody. Even you. We may not like each other, but we both know that they are in danger, and we have to save them, and there isn't much time. The thing is, we also know that you will have to leave the order when we get them back."

Lory nodded slowly.

"I know what you got to be thinking, but, yes, I have heard the Masters talking, and you will be expelled anyway. So, you have nothing to loose."

"Okay, then, get me out," Lory said, and knew she had sealed her own fate.

"I will go also," said a gentle voice from behind them.

"Master!" Lory said in a strangled gasp, and bowed quickly, with Palpatine following her.

Lory was dreading this. Having her kind, wise teacher and friend tell her that she was no longer his Padawan, and having to leave. Was he here a little early? What the?

He had said he would go, too?

She gaped at him.

He smiled. "I said that I will go with you. Is that so surprising, my Padawan?" His expression turned deathly serious. "Do you have any idea where they might be?"

Shaking her head, she told him, "I mediated, and I think they are still in the Temple. Master, they were taken by Sith!"

"This is not a joking matter, child," he said sternly.

"I'm not joking! I know that we want to believe they are gone, but they aren't. I know that they are still here, you just wouldn't believe me. So, can we just go?"

Her Master sighed, and let her out. "We will test your sanity after we have saved your friends. Lead on."

Marco woke up to find himself in some sort of chains. They were attached to cuffs around his wrists and ankles, and were made of some type of metal that he was not familiar with.

"Man, I have got to stop going to all those late night parties," he

mumbled, trying to remember what happened. When he did, he wished he hadn't.

He looked around, trying to find out where he was.

The room they were in was huge, and very dark, He couldn't see the ceiling. The walls that he could see were bare metal, with a chrome finish to them. He was on the ground floor, and there were several catwalks above him, with many more stairs that led to the room.

He was tacked up to a wall by the chains that held him. So were the others. Qui-Gon was next to him, and the only other that showed signs of waking.

"Qui-Gon, man, are you awake?" he asked, and was answered with a loud groan. After that, though, the apprentice Jedi came to with surprising swiftness.

"Yes, I think I am," he said, then looked around. " but I hope I'm not."

"Any idea where we are?"

Qui-Gon shook his head. "I've never been here. How are the others?"

"Still out of it. Can you do any Jedi things to get us out of here?"

Qui-Gon composed himself. "I can try."

"Nuh-uh, man," Marco said quickly. "Do or do not, there is no try, remember?"

"How did you know that saying?" Marco opened his mouth, when Qui-Gon said, " Never mind, I don't want to know."

Qui-Gon's face took on a look of intense concentration. He became so still that Marco wondered if he was still breathing. This went on long enough that Marco wondered if he should try to pinch him, when he came out of his trance.

"I think Lory knows where we are, but other than her, no one else could hear me."

"This isn't good."

"No, it's not," both the boys heard, and they whipped their heads around to see where it was coming from.

An old man, followed by a younger one, both dressed in black and carrying lightsabers, walked stately into the room from one of the many stairs. Menace rolled off them in waves.

It was then that Jake and the other Animorphs decided to join the land of the conscious. Not that they liked being awake any better when they realized what was going on.

"Are those guys what I think they are?" Rachel whispered.

"I hope you are not thinking what I am thinking," Qui-Gon whispered back, "because if you are, then the whole galaxy is about to have a big problem."

"I am Lord Nocturne," said the older of the two. "This is my apprentice, Darth Sidious. I have brought you here to tell me how it was that you were able to change your forms. Tell me how, and you will die quickly. If I have to force the knowledge from you, I will make your deaths slow, lingering, and your screams will forever haunt the nightmares of those who come after you. The choice is yours."

Marco raised his hand. "Is this a multiple choice question?"

Lory was running as fast as the Force could make her. Her danger sense was tingling.

She had mentioned that to Marco once, and he had made a joke about some sort of spider-man, but that was beside the point.

Her Master had given her back the lightsaber that he had taken when she was unconscious. She and he were running for all they were worth. Palpatine had decided to stay behind.

She was glad for the lightsaber, because she ran smack into a blank synthstone wall.

Rubbing her nose, she examined the wall to see if there were any breaks, cracks, anything to indicate a door. Finding none, but her intuition demanding that her friends were behind it, she ignited her blade. Sliding it into the harder than natural stone material, she used the Force to pull the cut out back smoothly, and let down easily on the floor behind her.

Her Master looked at her in wonder.

"Your strength has increased immeasurably," he told her, his eyes shining. "And you used only the light. Amazing, I think when someone you care about is in trouble, or when you absolutely have to, your strength increases. Simply amazing."

Lory wasn't paying any attention. There was a stair well behind the door, and all her energy focused on finding her friends.

She sprinted down, just in time to hear Marco crack, "multiple choice question?"

"Answer's D: none of the above!" she shouted, and charged the two Sith.

She could hear Marco's typical, "Are you insane?" echo from behind her. Only there was no time for that now. Now was time for staying alive.

Cassie took advantage of the situation to begin morphing her wolf. When her shackles became too big for her wolf joints, she ran out, and started harrying their jailers. The others started following her lead.

A jolt of Force generated lightening struck Cassie full in the chest

when she tried to bite Nocturne, but Rachel soon took her place. Lory was in a full fledged lightsaber duel with Sidious. No one dared get close.

"You!" sounded the shocked voice of Lory's Master. Sidious looked up, in time for Lory to kick him in the face.

"Your Windu's apprentice!"

Sidious snarled something in a language that none of them knew.

The fight continued.

The Animorphs concentrated on Nocturne, who had yet to go for his lightsaber. He was using the tactic of Sith lightening well enough that he didn't really need it.

Then Qui-Gon and Lory's Master joined in the fray. Both of them had lightsabers blazing, and Nocturne had no choice but to draw his own.

Camaasi are an extremely strong species. They managed to hem Nocturne in quickly.

Sidious and Lory fight looked like it should have been Sidious' victory, hands down, but she was holding her own. This was a shocking development for Sidious. He had believed that he could go up against Masters, and win. How was this apprentice surviving?

She was backing away, but she had held her own. The one thing that Lory had, that Sidious didn't, was experience. She was the veteran of space battles, smuggler shootouts, and hand to hand fighting that he wasn't. So she stayed alive for a little longer.

Nocturne was cornered, and was casting about, looking for a way out. He really didn't have one, exceptâ€¦ Using his own telekinetic talent, he launched himself onto one of the catwalks above him. The Master did the same, jumping up to battle on. The Animorphs except Tobias were land bound.

Qui-Gon joined Lory, and they began to get the upper hand against Sidious. He was slowing, and he had lost much of his confidence in himself. Then he, two, decided to make a leap to the catwalks.

Lory added strength to her legs, and grabbed the edge of the walkway with both hands. Qui-Gon tried to follow, but couldn't make the jump.

What do we do now, O glorious leader? Marco asked.

I don't- Jake said, then got an idea. Tobias, can you go for one of the Sith's eyes?

Maybe, Tobias said doubtfully. The battle had resumed between Lory and Sidious, and was going far more fiercely than he wanted to try to get in to.

However, the one with Nocturneâ€¦?

Tobias struggled for altitude in the still air, dived,

and-

Strike!

He raked his talons across the Dark Lord's face, either getting his eyes, or blinding him with blood. Whatever it was, it gave Lory's Master enough time to behead him.

Whoooosh!

--

The explosion from the Sith's body shook the room. The Force released was so much that-

Cassie shook her head, wondering where she was. Last she knew, she had been in wolf morph. Now, she was in her barn. So was everyone else.

"Did we just win?" Rachel asked.

"I don't know," Jake answered, sounding hoarse. "I don't think we ever will."

"I hope that Lory won," Cassie whispered, and all the others nodded.

We will have to believe that she did. Ax said.

"Why?" Marco smart-mouthed.

What else can we do?

Lory saw when her Master took out Nocturne. Then the explosion rocked the room.

Sidious felt the death of his Master, and rejoiced. He would rebuild the Sith, and take over the galaxy! It would all be his! He exulted, briefly distracted.

That was all that Lory needed. In that second, she lashed out with a snap kick to his left knee and crushed his kneecap.

"NOO!" he howled.

With one smooth motion, she sent her yellow blade into his heart, and incinerated it.

Sidious wanted to laugh. While his Master may not have had time to transfer his soul, he would, and-

He exploded.

Lory, Qui-Gon, and her Master were knocked off their feet.

Palpatine jerked when he felt the death of both Dark Lords, but then, so did everyone in the Temple.

Qui-Gon coughed. He had his wind beat out of him.

"Lory?" he called. He heard her groan softly. He crawled over to her.

"She's in shock," he heard someone say. That was the last thing he heard, before he passed out.

He spent a little time with Lory in the recovery room when she woke up.

"Are you sure you want to leave the order?" he asked again. Even though after she had been exonerated by ferreting out the Dark Jedi, as the Council were calling them, and would be allowed to keep her Padawan status, she had decided to quit.

"Yes, I do, idiot," she told him. That was another thing about her was strange. She treated him differently.

"WHY?" he asked again.

She sighed in exaggerated patience. "I don't want to be a Jedi now."

"Why not? It's all you ever wanted!"

"Not anymore," she whispered, her eyes opaque.

"Listen, if you don't want to understand, you can leave. I don't care, nerf-herder."

Feeling hurt, and wondering what had gotten into his friend, Qui-Gon left.

Behind him, he could hear her laughing at him.

Later that night, Lory listened carefully, and prepared to leave.

Looking into a mirror, she said softly to herself, "No, Jedi, I don't want to join your pitiful order. I will rebuild my own."

In the mirror, she saw her eyes turn yellow, and the reborn Darth Sidious laughed softly.

Comments?

End
file.